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Commonweal

The Beat and the Angry

by Sam Hynes

CRISIS IN THE MIDDLE EAST

Communism in the Arab Nations

by Gunnar D. Kumlien

The Economics of Revolution

by J. L. Benvenisti

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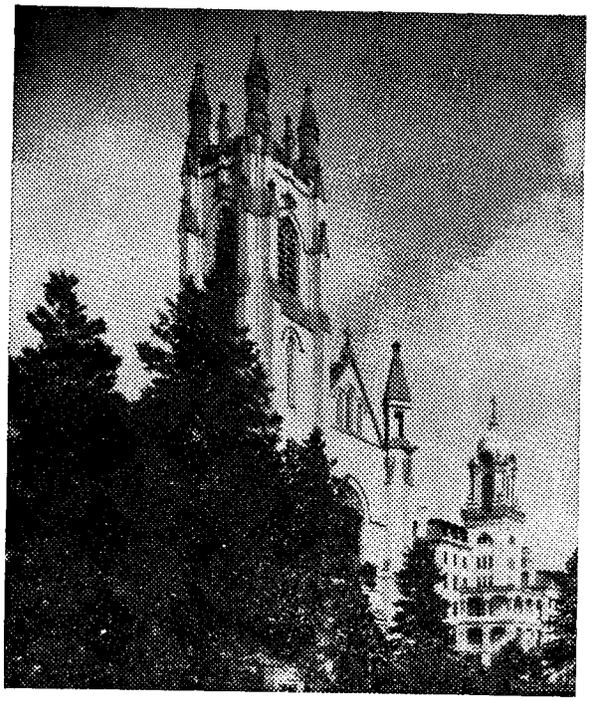

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-FOURTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

BLOCKING DESEGREGATION

THE BASIC REASONS for bringing about full-scale desegregation of the nation's public schools could hardly be more compelling. Even if one ignores moral considerations, this country's highest tribunal has decreed that integration of these schools is now the law of the land. To flout such a decision outright is to give marked encouragement to general lawlessness. If local opposition is violent, it behooves this opposition rather than the United States Supreme Court to give way.

Here is a question involving the rights and educational opportunities of the members of a considerable racial minority increasingly restive about the second-class citizenship imposed upon them. It has great bearing on America's success in the worldwide cold war, for such communities as Little Rock have become prominent in anti-American propaganda among the underdeveloped peoples. But regardless of the damage it does to the cause of the free world in the global struggle, continued denial of equal educational opportunities to the American Negro comprises a flagrant violation of our basic national ideals.

Why is desegregation making so little headway in our Southern states? Why has progress in school integration come to such a standstill that it seems likely that not a single new school district will be integrated when schools open this fall? In the South itself there are many strictly law-abiding white citizens; perhaps even a majority of Southern whites resignedly look upon school integration as inevitable. Yet except for some of the border states, where the Negro population is proportionately smaller and big strides have taken place since 1954, segregated schooling has continued almost to the same extent as before.

Where states in the Deep South have taken any action in response to the Supreme Court, it is in the direction of circumventing the decision. In Virginia, for instance—aside from Little Rock perhaps the chief focus in the integration battle as schools open this month—the Governor is now required by state law to close any public school which enrolls both white and Negro pupils. Some of these states have enacted pupil placement laws that have the effect of enforcing segregation; most extreme in their anti-integration legislation and preparations for a "showdown" are Georgia, Mississippi and South Carolina. Even the more moderate of the Southern states have met the issue by permitting only a token integration involving a handful of Negroes in a very few schools.

IN THE FACE of this continuing local and regional opposition, which even the authority of the nation's highest tribunal has been unable to counteract, a number of disinterested observers have seriously questioned the wisdom of the Supreme Court's ruling; some would substitute a much more restrained and flexible formula for the Court's instructions of "all deliberate speed." When the Little Rock crisis was at its height, the question was raised whether pupils of high school age should be the ones to bear the stress and strain of the principal roles in a drama which brings into play such deep-seated and violent emotions. The tenacity with which the South holds onto its traditions and ways of doing things has to be taken into account. Some months ago Dr. Walker Percy described in these pages the extent to which the public high school in many Southern communities has the characteristics of a club, and one which serves as a center for all the recreational and social activities of the students.

All sorts of traditions, prejudices and fears make up the background for the determination to defeat

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desegregation in the South—and many of these sentiments are also endemic in the North as well, finding expression in restrictive housing covenants, redistricting to bring about all-Negro public schools, etc. But one of the main reasons this opposition has been so successful in thwarting and defying the Court's decision is the attitude of Mr. Eisenhower and his Administration.

This charge may come as a surprise to those who have seen companion news pictures of Governor Faubus and the Chief Executive in the act of making threatening (and opposing) gestures. And the President's dispatch of troops to Little Rock would seem to designate him as a staunch champion of integration. This, however, was to secure enforcement of a specific Federal court order. Since that time President Eisenhower has reiterated his determination to uphold the law, but has expressed his views in such a way as to indicate that he himself is not in favor of school integration.

In an Administration hardly noted for a propensity to tackle problems head on, or for setting up mechanisms designed to foster orderly progress, it is hardly surprising, then, that so little has been done to implement the Supreme Court decision. At any stage in the past four years it would have helped immeasurably if the President had called Southern leaders together on this question. If he had invited prominent Southern moderates to discuss things with him and, say, leaders of the N.A.A.C.P., a series of acceptable local timetables might have been set up. And if, for instance, integration had been started in the lower grades in previous years, the dates on which integration was to take effect in various Southern high schools would arouse considerably less local trepidation. But the Administration has done little or nothing to enlist responsible, cooperating local citizens of both races to help smooth the way. Today in the Deep South, what should be an eventually irresistible force is straining against an immovable object.

Admittedly, full school integration is a process that requires time, but that hardly means that it can be put off indefinitely. In seven states not a single step toward integration has taken place in over four years. Several state legislatures have adopted statutes which amount to outright defiance of the law of the land. But without some means of bringing local initiative into the enforcement picture, the prospect for compliance looks very dim. And this is true even if the Supreme Court, meeting in special emergency session, should decide that this fall there is to be no step backward at Central High School, Little Rock.

THE MIDDLE EAST

THE U.N. EMERGENCY session on the Middle East came to a close with results far better than most people had previously dared anticipate. After it was all over, Secretary General Dag Hammarskjold took the occasion to do a little public boasting about the United Nations, and he was certainly justified. Everyone criticizes the U.N., but how many people note its real accomplishments?

When the emergency session began, the international situation was grim. U.S. and British troops had landed in the Middle East. Many of the smaller powers of Asia, Latin America and Africa viewed this use of Western troops in Lebanon and Jordan with considerable doubt. If the only alternative was voting with the U.S.S.R., enough of them might have gone with the United States to provide the necessary majority for the U.S. resolution, but they were unenthusiastic at the prospect. The great powers confronted each other sullenly, with no signs of possible conciliation. It was hard to see any way out of an unpleasant and dangerous situation.

Then came the surprise Arab resolution, in which many observers detected the diplomatic hand of Secretary-General Hammarskjold. This document called on each Arab nation to obey a pledge of non-interference in the internal affairs of other nations, and it requested the good offices of the Secretary-General in restoring peace and achieving the withdrawal of foreign troops from the area. This resolution, drawn up and sponsored by ten Arab nations—including Iraq, Jordan, Lebanon, and Nasser's United Arab Republic—was then approved in the General Assembly by unanimous vote. The immediate danger at least had passed.

At this point it would be easy enough simply to point out the perils that lie ahead, as some commentators are doing. These dangers are indeed great; passing a resolution and living up to it are two different things. Much of the workableness of the U.N. resolution depends on the good intentions of Egypt's Nasser, and recently these good intentions have not been easy to detect. But there is one obvious force working for a return to precarious stability in the Middle East: the situation there has deteriorated so far that the self-interest of the Arab nations, of the United States and Great Britain, and even of Russia requires that order be restored. This consideration alone is enough to give some hope for the next few months. And the very fact that ten Arab countries—some of them bitter enemies—could agree on any resolution is another cause for rejoicing.

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Mr. Hammarskjold leaves for the Middle East carrying a heavy burden. His role in the weeks ahead will be a difficult one; the terms of the resolution drawn by the Arab nations and passed by the General Assembly are purposely vague. But the situation is not as hopeless as it was before the Arab nations surprised the world by their joint action.

Whatever happens, the U.S. should use this breathing-spell to take another look at its policies for dealing with problems involving Arab nationalism. Certainly, no one can claim much success for the policies which we have been following in the Middle East. Meantime, it is right, even essential, that the Arab nations themselves take the lead in working out the problems of their own region. If they do not, the Middle East will become even more of an East-West battleground, and the United States will find itself deeply involved in something which cannot be solved by sending in the Marines.

DEFEAT FOR LABOR REFORM

WE CANNOT RECALL any measure in recent history that was as much of a political football as the recently defeated Kennedy-Ives labor reform bill. From the very beginning, its progress was helped and hampered by union-lovers and union-haters alike. It was favored by some who genuinely wanted labor reform and by others who only feared a more sweeping bill; it was attacked by some who thought more was needed and by others who really wanted a bill to cripple all of organized labor.

Labor leaders at first opposed the measure, but in the end the A.F.L.-C.I.O. was for it. The N.A.M. was against it, and so were the Chambers of Commerce. Secretary of Labor James P. Mitchell criticized it strongly, but taunted the Democrats when it failed to pass, while the A.F.L.-C.I.O. executive council in turn blamed Mr. Mitchell for "playing politics" with the bill.

For our part, we have no idea whether the ultimate defeat of the measure in the House will benefit Democrats or Republicans. Obviously the Republicans think they have a live issue here; only time will tell whether they are right. And we certainly will not attempt to plumb the motives behind anyone's vote in the matter. We can only say that we favored the labor reform measure from the beginning, that we think it should have been passed even though it was not perfect, and that we would give our vote to those who supported the measure rather than to those who opposed it. One thing is certain: the burden of proof now rests on those who defeated this bill by claiming that a better one could be passed in the next session.

NEHRU ON COMMUNISM

AS ONE of the most influential leaders of the Asian world, Prime Minister of India Jawaharlal Nehru has managed to steer a carefully neutralist course in his relations with both the free West and the Soviet Union. It has always seemed that Mr. Nehru's fundamental beliefs make it impossible that he could ever embrace the materialism and totalitarianism of Communist Russia, and yet he has refused to commit himself or the Indian people as "'anti-Communists." This refusal to join in a struggle which can well be described as everyman's has been justified in the light of India's unique and difficult position in the Far East, but Western leaders have frequently been aggrieved by its consequences in the cold war.

Recently, however, according to a Reuters dispatch, Mr. Nehru has given voice to a new and, for him, quite explicit condemnation of Communism. The latest issue of his Congress Party's official organ, the *Economic Review,* carries a series of statements made by Mr. Nehru some time ago in private letters, and published by him now only after some initial reluctance.

Mr. Nehru did not depart from his neutralist position in any significant way, but his remarks are worth examination. He expressed again his belief that "with all its triumphs and achievements, and also with its atomic bombs . . . there is something wrong with our civilization." He expressed again his conviction that anti-Communism today must in some ways share the responsibility for the world's ills. And he acknowledged the undeniable excellence of some Communist achievements, saying that the Soviet system of education and health is "probably the best in the world." But then he went on to make a specific and unequivocal rejection of the Communist ideology.

"Communism," the Prime Minister said, "has definitely allied itself to an approach of violence. . . . its thought is violent, and it does not seek to change by persuasion or peaceful democratic pressures, but by coercion and, indeed, destruction and extermination." And while Communism seems to offer a disillusioned world some kind of faith and some kind of discipline, it fails "because it ignores certain essential needs of human nature." He spoke

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of Communism's "suppression of individual freedom" and its contempt for the moral and spiritual side of life.

The publication of these views by Mr. Nehru is an event of some importance, we think, and not just for India but for all the uncommitted Asian countries. It might be objected that Mr. Nehru still shows too little awareness of the immediate and mortal danger of the non-Communist world from a power committed, as he says, to an approach of violence, to a contempt for moral and spiritual values. Still, considering India's precarious balance on the rim of the Communist empire and the difficulty of Mr. Nehru's own position, his words were remarkably forthright.

A possible explanation for this new repudiation by Mr. Nehru of Communism, both in its principles and its methods, may be in the latest news from Kerala, India's sole Communist state. Reports from there describe the vicious and illegal pressures currently being used by the Communists to solidify their position of political power. The pattern includes mob violence, murder and mass arrests directed against "enemies of the state." It would seem that if Mr. Nehru's harsh analysis of the true nature of Communism was not provoked by its operation in this Indian state, it has at least been quickly and tragically confirmed.

NEW CRISIS, OLD RESPONSE

THE SHELLING by the Chinese Communists of the Nationalist-held island of Quemoy may bring the United States a new Far Eastern crisis hard on the heels of the one in the Middle East. What the bombardment signifies about the intentions of the Peiping government in regard to these off-shore islands is still unknown, but already the United States has been forced into another blind alley in its foreign policy.

The United States is committed by treaty to defend the Nationalist stronghold of Taiwan, unquestionably, but although in 1955 Congress authorized the President to use U.S. military forces to defend the Quemoy Islands, our determination to do so has never been spelled out. Nor has it been established how, short of an all-out war with Communist China, these islands could be defended against invasion. The Quemoys are well over a hundred miles from Taiwan but just a few miles from the Chinese mainland.

When news of the artillery bombardments was received in Washington, Secretary of State Dulles issued a prompt and stern warning to Peiping. He cautioned the Chinese Communists that any attempt to conquer these islands would be construed as "a threat to the peace of the area" and that it would be "hazardous" for them to assume that such an action would remain a "limited operation." At the same time, the Seventh Fleet and other navy forces in the Far East were ordered to take "normal precautionary defense measures."

Secretary Dulles has been commended in some quarters for his vigorous and firm response to this new challenge, but the situation affords us no grounds for satisfaction. Again the United States is faced with an impossible situation. We must defend undefensible islands in order to honor past pledges but with no hope of achieving anything more than the continuation, for a doubtful period of time, of an obviously doomed status quo.

The phrase "playing by ear" was used by Administration spokesmen of our policies in the Middle East, and could equally be used of our policies all over the world. That is to say, as is being said over and over on almost every side, the United States seems to have no foreign policy, is merely responding to Communist leads. Now is the time, not for helpless attempts to roll back the tide in the East, but a thoroughgoing reconsideration of our entire, unrealistic policy in that area.

WILSONIANA

LAST WEEK we referred to the lack of enthusiasm for basic research displayed by Charles E. Wilson when he was Secretary of Defense, citing as one example his famous quote: "Who cares what makes the grass green?" Since then, a reader has pointed out that we missed an even better, if possibly apocryphal, quote: "Basic research is when you don't know what you're doing." Now we are indebted to the N.Y. *Herald Tribune* for two more up-to-the-minute Wilson quotations.

On the Russian sputnik: it was not a weapon, Mr. Wilson says, but a blow to America's false pride. "The real competition was between a bunch of German scientists, those with the Russians and those with us." And on the attempt by the United States to send a rocket to the moon: "Maybe I'm too old and not as curious as I was, but I think the other side of the moon is much like this side."

No wonder reporters in tight-lipped Washington always liked Mr. Wilson. Whatever the verdict of history on his tenure as Secretary of Defense, he certainly makes good copy.

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The Beat and the Angry

Why should these two stereotypes about British and American writers have appeared when they did and taken these particular forms?

by SAM HYNES

THE GENERATION of American and English writers now in their thirties has been publicized with a persistence and enthusiasm that even Miss Rheingold might envy. They have been attacked, defended, explained, analyzed, and even read. And they have devised or been given convenient, easily popularized labels under which they can be loosely grouped; they are The Beat Generation and The Angry Young Men.

The most interesting aspect of this whole Beat and Angry business is the sociological one. Why should these two stereotypes have appeared when they did, and why should they have taken the forms they did? One answer, perhaps, is that after a war the young feel the need for a well-defined, new, post-war attitude to fill up the strange new peace. They want to feel at once their separateness from their guilty elders (who caused the war) and their identity with their own innocent kind. A generation is both inclusive and exclusive enough to identify with; someone says "You are a Lost Generation" or "Our generation is Beat, man," and a stereotype is born.

This kind of stereotype of a generation has obvious attractions for those who choose to identify with it—it offers a cozy togetherness with the other true believers, and a clearly defined antagonist, who is to blame for the way things are. But it has some disadvantages, too; it invites oversimplification and irresponsibility, both in the artist and in his audience. It distorts judgment, and the better the artist is the greater the distortion will be. It is not roomy enough to contain the best members of the group it sets out to define; stereotypes only work for the second-rate. That is to say, the best American writers under forty are not beat, and the best English writers are not angry.

Mr. Hynes, a frequent contributor, is a member of the faculty at Swarthmore.

The "Beat" writers are easier to classify than their English contemporaries, partly because they are more self-consciously a group, and partly because they are less gifted writers. The lineage of these writers is by now fairly well established. Beat is a movement (*condition* might be a better term) which began in New York after the war, and has since moved its headquarters to San Francisco. The principles of Beat are not always entirely clear, but they seem to be based on the negative proposition that the world can impose no valid moral restrictions upon the individual. If this is true, then it follows that discipline, order, self-abnegation, and social concern are all meaningless, and that only experience is real. Hence all varieties of experience—all kinds of sexual activity, drug addiction, criminality, depravity—are equally valuable, and nothing is reprehensible.

IN PRACTICE these vague beliefs emerge in writing which is anti-rational and disorderly, maudlin-mystical, and curiously messianic. Beat seems to profess no positive principles, yet it has its prophets. In the country of the Beat, the Beatest man is king, and this new messiah turns up repeatedly in their writing, as the seraphic hipster who carries experience beyond human limits. ("He was BEAT," Jack Kerouac says of his messiah, "—the root, the soul of Beatific.") But he has no message for his flock, except "Go, go, go," the invitation to more experience, which will be just as meaningless.

I suppose one might say that Beat is the literary equivalent of modern jazz, motorcycles and leather jackets, and hot-rods—it expresses the same adolescent revolt through the same kind of violence, and in much the same language. These are the young people whom Robert Lindner called "Rebels Without a Cause," and it is that causelessness, expressed in their writing as

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undirected resentment against the world, that makes the group as a movement seem so feeble. They have all the right emotions for rebellion, but no object for it. They are, as their *doyen,* Kenneth Rexroth, keeps saying, "disaffiliated"; they have resigned from the human race, and withdrawn symbolically to the far edge of the continent, to brood over cool jazz, and to write badly.

So far the principal ornaments of the Beat Generation have been Jack Kerouac's novel, *On the Road,* which was for a time on the best-seller lists, and Allen Ginsberg's booklet of poems, *Howl and other Poems* (Both "Howl" and a section of *On the Road* are included in a recent anthology, *The Beat Generation and The Angry Young Men.* Edited by Gene Feldman and Max Gartenberg. Citadel. $4.50.) Together these two works demonstrate the obvious weaknesses of art made on Beat principles. Though Beat is widely regarded as an activist movement (it is, after all, full of violence), it is in fact static and incapable of development, fixed forever in a gross and banal Romantic gesture of self-alienation, self-pity, self-destruction, and windy confession.

A system in which all sensory experience is good provides no means of discriminating among experiences, and so the novelist and poet can only string them together, chronologically or by free association, until he or his reader has had enough. Values give order to experience; no values, no order. Thus *On the Road* is a rambling chronicle of an itinerant writer and his friends, which reads like the monologue of a barroom Ancient Mariner, the drunk who grabs you by the elbow and pours out the story of his life. "Howl" is in the same category—an undisciplined, undirected catalogue of experience, in the American ranting tradition of Whitman and Vachel Lindsay and Carl Sandburg, but technically and intellectually poverty-stricken. Both Kerouac and Ginsberg write in a language which their admirers aver will enrich the English tongue—the language of the hipster, the jazz musician, the narcotics addict. But like most slang, this is loose and undiscriminating language, and it is hard to see how English is enriched by describing all experience as either "sad" or "crazy."

THE WORK of the Beat writers suggests a truth which has gotten little enough attention in recent criticism—that a close relation exists between moral values and esthetic value. Not that the art with the highest morals is the best art, but that the art which abdicates its role as a transmitter of values is likely to be no art at all. Beat is a late and trivial form of a well-established tradition—the Romantic tradition of self-alienation. The record of the failures of that tradition goes back a century and a half, and in that record there are many better efforts to make art outside of society than this one—Byron, Baudelaire, Huysmans, Ernest Dowson are all in the family tree. Ultimately every attempt at Romantic "disaffiliation" has failed, because the artist, in cutting himself off from the world of common humanity, cuts himself off from both his only subject and his only justification.

In his essay, "Disengagement: The Art of the Beat Generation," Rexroth confesses to a fundamental anxiety on this score. "What is going to come of an attitude like this?" he asks. "It is impossible to go on indefinitely saying: 'I am proud to be a delinquent,' without destroying all civilized values. Between such persons no true enduring interpersonal relationships can be built, and of course, nothing resembling a true 'culture'—an at-homeness of men with each other, their work, their loves, their environment. The end result must be the desperation of shipwreck—the despair, the orgies, ultimately the cannibalism of a lost lifeboat."

In the lost lifeboat, the artist has no place; at best he can only row with the others. In the world of Beat he has no role, either; there are no values left to be transmitted, no possible order into which experience can be put; no meaning in that order, if it could be found. The movement is destructive, not only of rational, moral and spiritual values, but even of itself.

IT IS INTERESTING that while both "Lost" and "Beat" suggest a common bond of psychic failure and victimization rather than of principles or goals, "Angry Young Men" suggests an individual, social concern with conditions, with ideals, and with action. "Beatness" can be entirely psychological, but anger has to be directed against something—it needs an object. The fact that the Angry Young Men have a direction makes them quite unlike their American contemporaries, and this difference is rather surprising if you recall how completely international the Lost Generation was after the last war (*The Green Hat,* for example, and *The Sun Also Rises,* had no national identity).

The principal reason for this difference, as both Kingsley Amis and George Scott make clear, is that the second world war had stronger political overtones for the English than for us. For young men in the services, the end of the war was to bring the Just City, a Laborite heaven of universal equality and brotherhood. The disenchantment that followed, though pain-

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ful, at least gave the young rebels a subject that was real, and in so far as the Angry Young Men have anything in common it is the common theme of the corrosive interaction of man and the Welfare State. They saw this relationship as a new kind of human situation: "The predicament of the uprooted man has been known before now," George Scott writes, "but known as an isolated peculiarity, and then the self-made man had at least the fruits of his success to console him for his removal from old friends. But the most common reward today for success achieved through legitimate taxable channels is to find a boot crunching firmly on one's presumptuous head; and the boot belongs not to a member of the aristocracy, keeping presumption in its place, but to the Socialist state, the revolutionaries' state, the state of blessed opportunity."

The implications of this relationship obviously extend far beyond the realm of the political—into the spheres of social order, morality, economics, philosophy—and in these other areas there are new problems raised. The writings of the Angry Young Men are about these problems and the possible answers, though the answer may be simply "Run!" as it is for one of Amis' characters in a difficult moral situation. The fact that their novels are about problems and answers gives them an agreeable beginning-middle-end structure which the Beat novels, being about the inevitable and unchanging Beatness of things, do not have.

In the writing of the English group there is no question of "disaffiliation," no "world-I-never-made" Romanticism. The Young Man with the boot on his head does not burst into tears, or move to 'Frisco; he thinks, and he wriggles. The story of his wriggling is the subject of the best of the Angry Young Man writing—of *Room at the Top, Lucky Jim, That Uncertain Feeling,* the poems of Philip Larkin and John Wain—writing that is literate, often wry and witty, sometimes hilarious, but never self-pitying or maudlin, and seldom dull. Wit and humor are signs of maturity; only adolescents (including thirty-eight-year-old adolescents—the Beat writers are all in their thirties) find everything they do solemn and important.

BUT THOUGH the young English writers included in the Beat-Angry anthology—Amis, Wain, John Braine, John Osborne, George Scott—are all intelligent, mature, interesting writers, none is by any means an important or distinguished writer yet (though at least a couple of them probably will be); and they do not by any means represent all of the real talent of their generation. Which leads us to the overwhelming question. Why should writers as short on talent as the Beats be immortalized by even a phrase? And why should writers as diverse as the English group be marked by that one tired label (Amis, for example, must dislike intensely being associated with that preposterous home-made philosopher, Colin Wilson)?

But we can't blame editors for the fact that the labels, the stereotypes exist. They exist because the idea of labeling is attractive to us. Our world is diverse and baffling, social changes come too fast, before we are ready for them, new ideas spring from behind corners full grown and ferocious. In all this chaos, there is a kind of comfort in the thought that at least we know what the younger generation is like—they are Beat, they are Angry; they say so themselves. But alas, even literature denies us the comfort of such simple order. The Angry Young Men aren't angry (some of them aren't really very young any more, either); and though Kerouac and his disciples may be Beat, to make them the representatives of their generation is rather like calling the Twenties the Age of Carl Van Vechten, or the Mah-Jong Decade.

The lesson here is a simple one: it is difficult and foolish to try to identify a Main Stream while you are standing in it; history has to happen before you can organize it, and this is as true of literary history as of any other kind. The loudest voice and best publicity may momentarily convince the unwary of the significance of the mediocre; but in time the really important will rise, and the shabby will submerge. In the meantime, the wise man will read books, not labels.

IN DRY FIELDS DANIEL WALKS

In dry fields Daniel walks
Has walked
Years years
From his beginning in Vermont

Through summer's wilted vine
By smooth bare rocks that only snakes
Possess and creek beds hot in the
Hot day air.

Leaves crack beneath his feet
In this alien Indiana
Fence wires sing in the sun's heat and
Posts are harsh to the practiced eye

But he will master
They will be his.
Walking beyond the great oak
Older even than he

He cries to the rains and the
Sky and asks again the flower and
The sweetness of morning
My father.

JOHN A. LYNCH.

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Communism in the Arab Nations

by GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN

FOR ONE WHO tries to ignore propaganda from both sides while traveling in the Arab countries, there are two striking facts about the present situation in the Middle East. The first is that the intervention in Lebanon and in Jordan by the United States and Great Britain was clearly justifiable as the lesser of two evils; if intervention had not taken place, fast-moving events there might have involved Israel and extended the conflict beyond control. The second fact is that the countries permeated by the ascendant Arab nationalism are clearly less Communist than most of the allies of the United States in Western Europe.

As far as the first point is concerned, the justification for Western intervention, it has long been an open secret in Syria that intervention in Lebanon from Syrian territory was extensive and continuous. This was true right up to the *coup d'état* in Iraq and the subsequent American landing in Lebanon. What was involved was not only infiltration; it was actually an organized intervention of specially trained commandos.

Open recruiting was carried on among the Arab refugees in all the Arab countries around Israel. Comparatively high premiums were offered to volunteers, including pensions for the family in case of death. Not even the religious side was neglected; the recruiting was said to be for a *jihad,* a "holy war" of the kind the Prophet fought. The young men who signed up were fanatics, much like the *fedayeens* or members of the suicide patrols who used to spread death and destruction inside Israel before the Sinai campaign in 1956. The only difference was that this time they were organized on a bigger scale in special camps in Syria.

The people living near these refugee camps knew very well what the volunteers were trained for, as well as where the westbound convoys were heading. When the U.N. observers minimized intervention from Syria in their official report, therefore, the surprise of these people was enormous, as was that of all fairly well-informed foreigners in the Arab countries. Their surprise was all the greater because the U.N. forces stationed between Israel and Egypt have done their job most efficiently since they were placed there nearly two years ago, reducing the border incidents to almost nothing. Why the U.N. report on intervention from Syria took the form it did remains a mystery.

AS FAR AS the question of Communist sympathies in the Arab world is concerned, there seems to be a widespread opinion in the West that Arab nationalism is heading in the direction of Communism or at least is fellow-traveling. The popular belief seems to be that the Arab nationalist has more or less cast his lot with the Eastern bloc. This opinion is put forward most strongly by representatives of Israel and France, the two countries engaged in the sharpest conflict with the Arab world. And the Communist countries themselves, of course, go out of their way to give the world the impression that their friendship with the Arab nations could not be closer. This theme of Communist-Arab solidarity is constantly stressed in their propaganda, and to the West this naturally appears as the confirmation of French and Israeli warnings. However, on a closer scrutiny things turn out differently.

Actually, the growth of Communism in the Arab countries, which appeared to be most threatening immediately after the end of World War II, has been an anti-climax. In spite of an atmosphere highly favorable because of the massive help given to Arab nationalism by the Eastern bloc, Communism has had a surprisingly small development.

This failure is not due to lack of leadership; the Arab Communist leaders are almost all intellectuals and are among the best trained and most able men one can come across in the Arab countries. But they have been laboring under handicaps they have found insuperable.

Very importantly, Arab nationalism is so emotional and so tied to race and religion that there is simply no room for Communism or any other ideology. Arab Communists, for example, never dare to discuss Israeli Communists, in spite of the fact that the Israeli Communists have tried, more than any other party in Israel to achieve cooperation between Jews and Arabs. (Indeed, the few Communists in Israel have been so pro-

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Arab that the proportion of Arabs voting Communist among the Arab minority in Israel has sometimes—as in Nazareth for instance—reached as much as one-third. This large Communist vote has been cited by some as an example of how Arabs may turn to Communism, if and when they are free to express themselves. In reality, though, it is nothing of the sort. Here again the approach is purely emotional and not ideological; the Arabs in Israel simply seize the opportunity to cast protest votes. In the Arab countries themselves the Communists are competing with the most fanatic nationalists in their propaganda of hatred against Israel—including the Israeli Communists. If they didn't they would cease to exist.

Native Communists in Arab countries have another formidable handicap in the simple fact that the only sizable Moslem minorities still under foreign rule are those in Algeria and the thirty-two million inhabitants of the five Moslem republics in the Soviet Union. Pilgrims from these five "autonomous" republics now visit the holy places in Mecca and Madina regularly. Moslem religious leaders from the Arab countries return these visits. Both groups are therefore keenly aware that Communism is in favor of imperialism inside the U.S.S.R. and against it outside. The official Soviet explanation of this state of affairs is that the five Moslem republics are free and independent within the framework of the Soviet Union, but this has as much weight for Moslem nationalists as de Gaulle's promises that the Algerians are going to be French citizens with full rights. The Moslem nationalists do not want to be French or Soviet citizens; they want to be independent, and they are not taken in by Soviet "explanations."

HOW STRONG are the Communists? In Egypt, the very center of Arab nationalism, the Communists are very few. In addition they are split into two different groups which fight each other bitterly. Even at that, they are kept under close police control and are frequently arrested for investigation. In Iraq the revolution did not lead to the liberation of the local Communists, practically all of whom are in jail. In Syria one finds what is undoubtedly the largest and best developed Communist party in the Arab world, but even that never achieved more than one Communist member of Parliament. Of all Arab Communist leaders, Khalil Bagdash is considered the most able, but the union with Egypt meant that he had to flee the country, and he now lives in exile within Communist Russia.

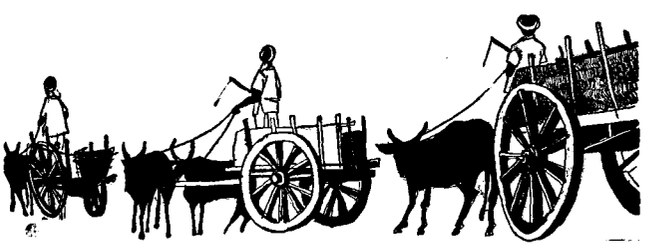
In short, no Arab country, no matter how violently nationalist, has a Communist party which can be compared to the Communist parties in NATO countries like France and Italy. If it is generally considered as very unlikely that the governments of France and Italy will be overthrown by their big Communist parties, why should the risk be greater in the Arab countries with their small, weak and divided Communist parties?

Some people claim that the real danger is due not to the local Communists, but to the infiltration of technicians, advisers and specialists from the Communist world. When their number is big enough, it is said, these technicians will take over the Arab countries exactly as they have in so many other places in eastern Europe and in Asia, even where Communism was weak. This is certainly a point worth considering, and it is true that the number of technicians, advisers and specialists from Communist countries is steadily increasing. But I still do not see how this Communist overthrow could be accomplished.

In all the countries where Communism has come to power through this sort of infiltration, either the Red Army has been close at hand or there has at least been a common border with a Communist country. This is not the case with any of the Arab lands, which are separated from the U.S.S.R. by the whole well-developed defense system of the Western powers in Iran, Saudi Arabia and particularly in stoutly pro-Western Turkey, the "Prussia of the Middle East." Moreover, all the seas touching the coast of Arab countries are controlled by the British and the American fleets, which beyond any doubt rule the waves in this area.

Furthermore, it is impossible for me to believe that the violently nationalistic Arab governments would passively accept a new domination by foreigners. Right now the distrust with which these specialists from the Communist countries are treated has to be seen to be believed. Time and time again I have heard Polish engineers and East German advisers complain bitterly about their isolation and the passive resistance they seem to meet everywhere. To the Arabs, it must be remembered, foreigners are always foreigners. They are all highly suspect. The only distinction Arabs make on the subject is that foreigners from nations which are nearest and strongest are more dangerous than foreigners from more remote countries—until they grow too strong in their turn and the trend is reversed.

SIGNIFICANTLY, I have heard many Arabs attach special importance to the coincidence that the revolution in Iraq took place precisely on July 14, the



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anniversary of the storming of the Bastille during the French Revolution. They stress this quirk of history because they think the Arab world is now living its own French Revolution, i.e., the revolution of the new middle class, the intellectuals, the officers, the shopkeepers, against the old ruling class, against the corrupt monarchies and their beneficiaries, against the rich *pashas* and the powerful *emirs*.

The proletariat has little to do with the shape of this revolution, for its members are still too primitive, too miserable, too disease-ridden and too ignorant to do anything but follow and try to get some crumbs, as happened in Iraq, before the takeover at the fleshpots is completed by the new rulers. Nor do these new rulers really consider themselves as anti-Western. To an outside observer it looks rather as if they feel that they have been deceived and humiliated in their love for the West, and this fact shows in the things they try to imitate.

Rather than wanting to turn away from the West, the leaders of the revolution even seem to want to increase the speed of their Westernization. They want to dress like Westerners, they want to behave like Westerners, they are fascinated by American films, they could not live without Coca Cola. Even their strange, monotonous Arab music is more and more influenced by Western dance music and Western tastes. They are ashamed of the ancient way of life and the behavior of their own people, including the age-old superstitions and the inhuman subservience of women to men.

One incident, which took place among the Arabs of Algeria rather than in the Middle East, will illustrate my point, for it has wide application. Just after the French *coup* in Algeria, when Moslem women burned their veils publicly and this was represented by the French propaganda as something new introduced by France, I met with some Algerian rebel leaders. They were indignant about the treatment of the matter and said: "As if we have not always been against these rotten survivals of a humiliating past! The transformation did not take place fast enough for us and it was the French who delayed it. *Our* women do not only not wear veils any more—they wear uniforms and guns and fight side by side with the men." And then they showed me pictures of young men and women in Western uniforms, smoking American cigarettes, reading French magazines, issued with documents in French, which is the official language even among the rebels. There is a lesson here about the Middle East too, if we will only learn it.

Crisis in the Middle East II

The Economics of Revolution

by J. L. BENVENISTI

WITHIN TWO WEEKS of the landing of British and American forces in the Middle East, opinion in Britain underwent a most remarkable change. At the time of the event, and immediately before it, there were many loud and authoritative voices in favor of complete non-involvement without a clear mandate from the United Nations. Today, though the opposition still takes the line that we should have gone to the United Nations first, there are few actual regrets that the troops have been sent. In other words, even among the critics the feeling is that we have done the right thing, even if we have done it in the wrong way. And, what is more important, the right thing (or what seems to us the right thing) appears—at least for the moment—to have paid a dividend.

Our principal reason for satisfaction is a growing and rather astonished conviction that, having taken a not inconsiderable risk, we have really managed to call Khrushchev's bluff. His desparate outcry for what would obviously have been a wholly abortive conference, and the twists and gyrations in which he subsequently engaged, look to us like the actions of a man who is desperately trying to extricate himself from an impossible position. We may be wrong, but that is the general impression, and you can hardly blame us for being pleased.

As to the actual use of troops, our gaze is naturally fixed on Jordan rather than on Lebanon. Here, for the time being at any rate, our action seems to have been well justified by events. It now seems abundantly clear that, but for the presence of British troops, King Hussein would by now have been murdered and Jordan would have fallen. Israel thereupon would almost

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certainly have moved down to the Jordan river, and the whole Middle East would have been in flames.

These things may still happen of course—they may even happen before this article appears. So far, however, we have forestalled calamity, and even if we ultimately fail, we were surely justified in trying and shall be no worse off than if we had never tried at all. That at least is the way we see it.

Yet it seems to many of us at the moment that the real proof of the success of our policy is not to be found in Lebanon or Jordan but rather in Iraq. Having to some extent resigned from the Western club and, as her rulers would doubtless put it, having ceased to be a pawn in the struggle between the powers, Iraq is now on her own—a small weak state in obvious danger of being drawn into the Soviet orbit. There is as yet no proof and little reason to suppose that her rulers desire to be so drawn in and such reluctance would explain her apparent, almost pathetic eagerness to cultivate good relations with her sometime allies. Iraq seems to want friends badly, but I doubt whether she would be so eager for our friendship had we not proved by our actions that we are friends who can be trusted.

It may be, of course, that here too we are being deceived. The inference that the Iraqi rulers are not too happy about possible Russian domination may be mistaken, but I do not think so. And perhaps it is a good thing that our attention should be directed towards Iraq, for the story of Iraq has, I believe, a lesson to teach us.

THE LEADERS of the Iraqi revolution may have been chiefly concerned with their country's position in international affairs, but the driving force on which they relied was clearly of a different character. The grievances of the mob had little to do with international power politics but were obviously social and economic in character. The same ferment of dissatisfaction which was at work there is bubbling up all over the Middle East.

We are apt to think of this ferment as a revolt against Oriental mismanagement and the propensity of Arab rulers to spend their revenues on concubines and Cadillacs, but this is an egregious oversimplification and often downright distortion. Certainly the late unhappy rulers of Iraq did not pay the penalty of corruption or greed. Indeed, they came closer to being the victims of their own administrative orthodoxy and of the unimpeachable character of their intentions.

One big trouble in Iraq—and in some measure the pattern is repeating itself in other parts of the Arab world—was the failure to take into account certain very simple facts. You cannot eat a railroad, neither can you clothe yourself with a hydro-electric dam. Even the latest up-to-the-minute irrigation scheme tends to leave you unsatisfied if what you really want is a house. All these big undertakings take years—decades—to pay a social dividend, and until they do, they are just so much Pie in the Sky.

These facts are perfectly obvious in Communist societies when they make an effort, as most of them are doing, to bring into being within a couple of decades what it has taken the West a century to create. When Communist leaders starve their peoples in order to create gigantic capital assets in a minimum of time, they know that they are in for trouble unless they do something about it. What the Communists do is to engage in the wholesale manufacture of myth—in wholesale lying, if you prefer—and shove everybody who doesn't believe the lies into a concentration camp. Western governments, and governments working along Western lines, do not like these methods, but so far they have not discovered any really reliable alternative technique.

Precisely this happened in Iraq, the only difference being that you could not starve the Iraqis in order to create vast capital assets because they were starving already. The thing that did the job done elsewhere by the mass-starvation technique was oil. It was oil revenues that enabled them to build up dams and irrigation projects and the like, but the great mass of the people went on being hungry. Yet the financial probity of the operation was beyond question. Not a penny went into anything that would not have been approved by any banker or financial adviser in Washington or London—and that in a sense was one of the reasons why the Iraqi leaders were hunted down and killed.

The Iraqi pattern repeats itself in greater or lesser degree in other Arab states which are trying to use their oil revenue wisely. Health services and education are allowed some benefit from the new oil wealth; apart from that, all is invested in the future and virtually nothing is done to alleviate the desperate poverty that exists in the present. Of the Iraqi oil revenues, for instance, only ten per cent was allowed to go into housing, though the need for decent housing is desperate all over the Middle East. Is it really surprising that the people are readily roused to rebellion?

ALTHOUGH I MAY have overstated the case somewhat, there is a profound moral here of which the world—and particularly the Western world—has most urgent need to take note. I can only hope that note will have been taken of it when President Eisenhower's fine project for a Middle East development authority gets going. Otherwise there is a real danger that we shall simply see a repetition of Iraq's mistakes. We shall have a multiplication of development schemes which will be favored by bankers and administrators because in theory they are so eminently sound and defensible; we shall have no projects for making life more tolerable for these peoples in the more immediate future because such projects from the bank-

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er's point of view are obviously much less attractive.

Yet the truth is that in many cases, so far from intensifying development schemes, we should be trying to get them cut down. If we do that, however, productivity in these countries will rise much more slowly than planners desire. That means that if we want to raise the standard of living and give everybody more food and consumer goods, help will have to come from outside and it is very doubtful whether aid of this kind can be made the subject of an attractive loan proposition. We shall have to reconcile ourselves to the idea that much of this aid will have to be by way of grant. If we can't reconcile ourselves to this fact, then we shall simply be asking for trouble.

AT THIS POINT it would be well for us to glance for a moment at the actual resources possessed by the Middle East. It always seems to be assumed that there is a vast store of wealth there and that, apart from a few loans, all the Arabs need if they are to hoist themselves by their own bootstraps is a lot of good advice. Thus we hear a great deal about "vast oil revenues." Actually, however, the total oil revenues accruing to the whole Middle East are something less than a billion dollars.

A billion dollars sounds like quite a sum—till we work it out and find that it comes to about forty dollars per capita. In some states like Kuwait, of course, it comes to a great deal more, but then in others it comes to a great deal less—and we are talking of averages. Add forty dollars to one hundred and twenty, which is roughly the per capita income in Iraq without the oil—and there are much poorer countries in this region than Iraq—and you still only get one hundred and sixty dollars—about eight per cent of the per capita income in the United States. Even if you invest most of these forty oil dollars in a development scheme, it will still take an awfully long time to get anywhere. After all, forty dollars annual per capita investment is about one-tenth of the corresponding figure in the United States.

I am not making these comparisons in an invidious spirit but merely to show how desperately poor these people are, despite all their oil. Very poor people do not make good prospects for loans and are not likely to get the money they want on that basis. And failure to get a true picture of the economic realities in the Middle East, leads, I fear, to some dangerous delusions.

It is being said, for instance—and by quite responsible people—that the Arab states would never cut off our oil supplies because they would thus deprive themselves of their chief source of income. The same thing, of course, was said about Iran when Iranian oil was nationalized and we thought we could bring the country to its knees by a boycott. Well, Iran held out for three years, and ultimately Anglo-Iranian, Royal Dutch Shell and their big American brothers got back into the act in the new consortium, but that wasn't because the average Iranian couldn't bear to live without them. He starved during the boycott but he had been starving before; for all the difference it made to him, the companies in most cases might just as well have been operating on the moon. It will be the same with Arabian oil. My own belief is that if it was to be cut off tomorrow, not one Arab in ten would bat an eyelid.

It would therefore seem that, even as a sheer matter of expediency, we should raise the Arab standard of living within as brief a time as possible and by any means we can. In their present position the Arab people are ready to do anything and follow anybody because they have literally nothing to lose. That being so, it would surely pay us to give them something that they *would* think twice about losing. I hope we do this and do it fast. There is very little time.

VARIATIONS ON A THEME

Harlequin speaks by the moon's light:
By the light of the moon, Peter, my friend
Peter, from your dark window bend

(Dark and moon and shadow blend)
To listen at least. (The bare boughs soar,
Pencil the wild white snow . . .) lend

Me your cold gold pen to write
By the bright moon, Peter, my friend,
One word. One single word, no more.

The cold step of the hungry whore
Strikes on the stone; the cold stars bend
Over my small dead candle-end,

My naked hearth is dead, tonight
I have no fire there to mend.
For God's love, open your door.

JOSEPHINE JACOBSEN.

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THE SCREEN

BARDEM ON BOREDOM

THAT FINE SPANISH director, Juan A. Bardem, whose film, "The Lovemaker," gave serious audiences something to think about last spring, has come up with another film that should appeal to discriminating moviegoers. Once again Bardem, who wrote and directed "Age of Infidelity," deals with frustration, anxiety and boredom—this time with Madrid's upper middle-class whose overwhelming interest in themselves and pleasure leads to emptiness. The story opens as a married woman and her lover are driving back to the city after a rendezvous in the country. She runs down a cyclist, and after he examines the body they hurriedly drive away lest they be discovered together. When the cyclist's death is announced in the papers, they live in constant fear; although their hit-and-run crime is never exposed, it proves to be their downfall.

The story is as simple as that. But it is not just the plot of "Age of Infidelity" (which was called "Death of a Cyclist" in Spain) that makes it so outstanding. It is Bardem's penetrating scrutiny of the manners and morals of his characters, and Bardem's superb filmmaking that are particularly rewarding. His handsome though unpretentious black-and-white photography, his use of symbols, his frequent use of close-ups often concentrating on only part of a face, and his rapid cutting from one scene to another all make a revealing whole. These techniques require concentration on the part of an audience, but they are very effective and they bring contrast and depth to the characterization and situation. The best examples come right after the accident, when the woman is surrounded by guests at an elaborate party while her lover, unhappy about his pointless life, is at home with his mother who is disturbed by his behavior; and a later scene in a gypsy cafe: during the flamboyant dances, the camera jumps from the face of the guilt-ridden woman to the face of her somewhat-suspicious husband, to the nervous eyes of her lover, to the sneering mouth of a "friend" who is trying to blackmail the woman.

Under Bardem's direction the cast performs excellently: Lucia Bose as the beautiful and coldly selfish wife who wants both her lover's love and her husband's protection and luxurious life; Alberto Closas as the lover, a university professor who has lost his faith and is bored with his purposeless existence; Otello Toso as the well-to-do husband who is mainly interested in his good name and position; Carlos Casaraville as a cynical, frustrated art critic who insists he saw the wife and lover and tries to win her favors through blackmail. But it is the hit-and-run crime which keeps the lovers on edge, and while they do not win one's sympathy, Bardem does succeed in building up an edgy suspense and an intense interest.

As the incidents pile up after the death of the cyclist, it is the lover who changes. His conscience is disturbed by the solidarity of a student riot when he wrongly flunks one of his pupils, by his interview with a neighbor of the cyclist, by the church services for the cyclist, by his disgust at his aimlessness. He is ready for expiation. Although "Age of Infidelity" wanders too far at times it is a film for thoughtful audiences. As a picture of our times, "Age of Infidelity" also mirrors the age of anxiety.

THE English too have sent over an item that has a great deal to do with the relations between the sexes, but "The Truth about Women" is not meant to be taken seriously. Beautifully produced by Sydney Box and nicely directed by Muriel Box (both of whom wrote the script) the film is a *tour de force,* a series of incidents told in flashbacks by Laurence Harvey who was a young man in the Diplomatic Corps at the turn of the century.

The first episode concerns his brush with a beautiful, "liberated" girl (Diane Cilento) who turns down his proposal by suggesting they live together for a year. Before he can accept her shocking proposition he is sent to a small country near Turkey where he falls in love with a beauty (Jackie Lane) in a sultan's harem. Expelled from there, he goes to Paris where in a loose and immoral high society he finds a stunning married woman (Eva Gabor) only too willing to become his mistress. When her husband challenges him to a duel but is killed by another challenger before the fight, Harvey moves on and on until he marries a young artist (Julie Harris) who becomes the mother of his five daughters before she dies. The last flashback shows Harvey in love with a Scandinavian nurse (Mai Zetterling) after World War I. This charming woman, who loves the widower and his girls, would no doubt marry him, but her husband, a wastrel and bounder, turns up and sues Harvey for alienation of affections. Knowing the £5,000 suit would ruin Harvey, Mai returns to her mean husband.

"The Truth about Women" is a strange hodge-podge of a picture, sometimes quite amusing, sometimes cynically satirical. The episode with Julie Harris is very touching—and she looks wonderful, as do all the women, in the lush costumes designed by Cecil Beaton. The sets are handsome too, but somehow the film's makers got so entranced with Eastman Color and sets and costumes and the elaborate roster of stars that they forgot where they were going and the finished picture, although it is a continual delight to the eye, becomes a pompous bore.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

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OF NOTE

PÈRE DE FOUCAULD

AN ARTICLE in the July-August issue of *Blackfriars* (34 Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1, $4.50 a year) describes the ideals of Père Charles de Foucauld and of the Congregations he inspired, written by R. Voillaume, Prior General of the Little Brothers of Jesus. Substantial excerpts from the article follow:

When a saint reaches universality, his original background and personal characteristics sink into comparative unimportance. God's possession of him has carried him beyond these things. Charles de Foucauld, Brother Charles of Jesus, came from a very old family of the French nobility. . . . Nothing would have seemed to have destined him in any particular way for a rôle as world-wide as the one we now know he was to have. Yet, once converted, he gave himself so utterly to Our Lord, and his life turned into one so in keeping with the Gospel, that the witness he bore has in fact become universal. In other words, he became like a "little brother of Jesus," as we say, and consequently, as he used to put it himself, a "universal little brother."

After seven years generously devoted to life in a Trappist cloister, he felt himself irresistibly impelled towards a very literal imitation of Jesus working at Nazareth. He therefore set out on his quest in the self-chosen abasement of an all-but-penniless vagabond. From then on, he was to lead, first, the life of a domestic servant in Nazareth, devoting every hour he could spare from his chores to adoring Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. Later, in the Hoggar desert, it was to be the life of a very poor priest, almost a wanderer, in fact, but a wanderer consumed with the love of God and the desire of the apostle. Here he shared the life of the poorest of nomad tribes. By making himself simply their friend—their friend and brother—he hoped to reveal to them something of Jesus—something of Jesus showing, as it were, through his own silence. For our Lord was more and more the sole driving-force of his existence.

With his mind full of plans and his heart full of hopes, he wrote two different Rules for a Congregation; solicited clerical authorizations; searched about for possible Brothers, while waiting expectantly for candidates to be sent to join him in a 'fraternity,' as he already styled it, big enough for several men. But he died in the end with all his desires apparently come to naught. . . .

As time went on, it would have seemed as if the very memory of Père de Foucauld were fleeing from the desert. The houses he had lived in were crumbling from neglect. To all appearances, his work had come to an end with his life. Then, some ten years after his death, two or three solitary disciples, invincibly attracted by the example of a life so purely and totally evangelical, quietly settled in Southern Tunisia and the mountainous district of Central Morocco. Then, as from 1933, three different Congregations sprang up separately, one after the other—the Congregation of the Little Brothers of Jesus and two Congregations of Sisters. Today these number more than nine hundred religious.

Little by little, the resulting spiritual movement spread to other circles and, first, a group of lay people came together in an association, and then three Secular Institutes began taking shape. One of these is for laymen, one for laywomen, and one for diocesan priests. Meanwhile, the cause of beatification, introduced some time ago at Rome, seems normally promising, and on the 15th of September we shall be celebrating the centenary of Brother Charles of Jesus's birth. . . .

The Little Brothers' Fraternities may be characterized by pointing to three of their aspects in particular; and it is the same with the Fraternities of the Little Sisters of Jesus. These are their poverty—in imitation of Jesus of Nazareth; adoration of the Blessed Sacrament—so as to be saviors with Jesus; and a silent apostolate through their mere presence in a very simple,

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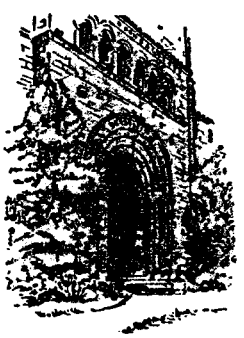

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unobtrusive and fraternal kind of friendship, an apostolate meant more particularly for the more abandoned strata of society. . . .

Pursuing the apostolate through friendship can perhaps be best described as making oneself a brother—a Little Brother—to every man, and trying to help men to discover, through this means, something of the love God has for them, very likely without their knowing anything about it. To love the unhappy or unfortunate man for his own sake, without asking anything of him—not even that he listen to our preaching—is to love a little as God Himself loves. . . .

The Fraternities' apostolate is clearly suited more especially to certain environments. First among these are those environments which are impervious to preaching, because they are too sure of their own truth, for example, the Muslims and the Marxists. There is nothing to be done here but live Christian love and prayer among them in silence. The Brothers therefore simply go out and settle quietly, unobtrusively, and let the Gospel show itself through their life.

The Brothers go too among those who cannot ordinarily be reached by the Church's preaching, owing to the kind of life they live. Of such are the nomadic peoples, the deep-sea fishers and seamen in general. The only possibility here is actually to lead the same life and share the same occupations. Something rather striking in this respect is the natural sort of partiality which is to be found among some of the Brothers—and, strangely enough, even more markedly among the Sisters—for the nomads: the Arabs of the Sahara, the Touaregs of the Hoggar, the herdsmen in the region of the Niger, and the many other nomadic populations in the world. There are millions of them still, millions to whom the Gospel has never even been presented.

The Fraternities also go and settle among peoples that especially need to be shown fraternal respect, either because they are still primitive or because they constitute despised minorities. In sharing their lives, the Brothers simply wish to make them feel such respect, and help them in any other way they can as disinterested friends. There are Fraternities like this among the Pygmies in the equatorial forest, among the Bushmen in South Africa, the Indians in South America, and the colored minorities in certain other countries.

[There] are those who are really cut off from the world in a particular way, and therefore need fraternal friendship, perhaps more than anything else. I refer especially to the lepers and the inmates of prisons. There are both Brothers and Sisters with the lepers in Africa and Korea, and even in Europe, striving above all to bring them an atmosphere of normal human contact. But it is possibly the way the Brothers and Sisters devote themselves to those in gaol that best exemplifies their vocation, because here you have it in an ultimate sort of expression.

Generally speaking, convicts—men and women condemned by society—are certainly among the most despised of human beings. Yet we owe them the love of Christ. Now, there are, I suggest, three different ways of succoring them. The chaplain of the gaol will visit them to offer direct religious comfort, add to their knowledge of the faith, give them the sacraments, say Mass for them in the chapel—and this, of course, is a very great good. Then the social assistant, or some other charitable visitor, will call and help with things they need, and will also see their families and provide them likewise with assistance, if necessary. This, too, is a great good when it is done with real heart and spontaneous simplicity. A third way of displaying Christian love towards these people is to share their confinement with them; simply share their confinement and try to bring them the mere fact, the live reality, of the presence of a friend.

The good of feeling themselves loved for their own sakes has indeed proved to be all we thought when starting. This has been done in several instances—in Brazil, France, Portugal and Switzerland—where Brothers or Sisters have succeeded in being admitted as prisoners, placed under the gaol rule, treated exactly like the inmates, doing the same kind of work and altogether really undergoing their condition with them. Something quite big has always happened as a result. Yet the Little Brother (or Little Sister) does nothing special, and has nothing to give but himself. . . .

Such, briefly told, is the ideal of our Fraternities The other groups, secular or otherwise, which I referred to earlier, pursue the same spirituality in different ways, but always with these notes: love of Jesus, spirit of poverty, adoration of the Eucharist, and fraternal friendship towards all. Convinced as we are that Père de Foucauld was chosen by Our Lord to be a guide for our time, we follow him, quite simply, as best we can, in the hope of fulfilling a new vocation in the Church.

COMMUNICATIONS

"INTEGRATION IN WASHINGTON"

New York, N. Y.

TO THE EDITORS: Your report on the growth of integration in Washington, D.C. ["Integration in Washington," Aug. 15] reminded me of witnessing one of the earliest efforts toward this end. In June of 1950 (the very day North Korea invaded South Korea), the American Newspaper Guild met in convention there at the Statler Hotel, having been assured by the hotel

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Fall Prospect

Several questions of primary importance to the American people will be up for decision early this coming fall. How will school integration be decided in Virginia, Arkansas and other southern or border states? When will American forces be withdrawn from Lebanon, and under what conditions? What effective steps can be set in motion to counter a new round of inflation in this country? Will the Democrats increase their majorities in both Houses on Election Day? What is to be the upshot in France, Algeria, Jordan and the oil lands in the Middle East?

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management that any delegate—white, black, or polka-dotted—would be extended the full privileges of the hostelry. Two delegates, as I remember, were Negroes.

I remember the president of the host local, in his welcoming speech, reminding all of us that this immunity from discrimination extended only to the front door of the Statler, and beyond "Washington is a Southern city, with Southern customs, and any colored delegate runs the risk of being refused service. But here in the hotel you are welcome and will not be discriminated against."

His heart was pure, but his facts were unknowingly slightly incorrect. The very next morning, the chairman of the New York City delegation rose on the floor to complain that one of his delegates had been refused service that morning in the hotel drug store coffee shop. It took an hour or so to find out that the drug store, being a concession, was not under the control of the hotel, and they chose not to be bound by the Statler policy of all guests being equally welcome. The invitation had to be amended to "as long as you are in any *hotel* facility, there will be no discrimination." And there was none, all week.

I have no idea of the origin of the Statler's break with Capitol custom, but I do know the way of the innovator is sometimes hard, and I have always admired them for their 1950 action. Perhaps their experience over the years had some bearing on the ability of the city to make so much progress in such a short time.

JAMES P. GALLAGHER.

Washington, D. C.

TO THE EDITORS: I would appreciate it if you will be kind enough to print the following minor correction. The paper on which my article, "Integration in Washington" [Aug. 15] was based was presented, not at a meeting of the Council with which I am associated, but at the 85th Annual Forum of the National Conference on Social Welfare, held in Chicago last May.

ISAAC FRANCK.

THE SCIENTIST IN AMERICA

Chicago, Ill.

TO THE EDITORS: In the last eight or ten months, the general public has become aware of a new and strange type of creature—the scientist. Prior to the launching of the sputniks, I had always considered myself a scientist (I have a Ph.D. in science and I direct a small research group in the Research Laboratory of a large corporation). Lately, however, I don't know whether I want to admit this publicly. Seemingly, in modern America, a scientist rates some place between the undertaker and the hangman—a necessary but highly distasteful part of society.

An excellent example of this unconscious aversion

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to scientists occurred in an early summer issue of The Commonweal, where the editors, commenting on Churchill's suggestion that Cambridge should create an elite college of science and technology, stated. "No sensible person could happily envisage a society composed primarily of scientists and technologists. . . ." Why? How are scientists different from the rest of mankind? People live more or less happily in societies composed primarily of businessmen (U.S.A.), Jews (Israel), Negroes (Liberia), etc. Such societies might not be ideal, but only fanatics condemn them. Yet, to The Commonweal editors, a society consisting primarily of scientists can be considered only with distaste, and this attitude is only too prevalent today.

The origin of this attitude seems to lie in the public's concept of a scientist. Apparently all scientists are either fortyish, bespectacled and forgetful, or young, brash and ready to blow the world up just to see how loud the bang will be. In both concepts of the scientist, it is tacitly assumed that he has no interest in the condition of the world, in people, or ethics. Fortunately, this concept is incorrect. In my twelve years in school and in industry, I haven't even met one of the so-called "typical" scientists.

The scientists whom I know argue about whether Williams or Musial is the better hitter during coffee breaks, discuss political control of the hydrogen bomb over an occasional beer after work, and exchange hints on how to get rid of crabgrass on the ride from work. In the evenings, they attend P.T.A. meetings, umpire for the Little League, and take their wives to an occasional movie. They even watch westerns on T.V. once in a while! All in all, scientists as a group are indistinguishable from mankind in general.

Of course, one may argue that the training of scientists neglects the broad view that is commonly attributed to a Liberal Arts education. This may have been true in the past, but times have changed in the last ten or fifteen years. The well known science and technology school where I studied (1947-1950) required science and engineering students to complete one semester of English Composition, two semesters of English Literature, four semesters of History, one semester of Economics, one semester of Psychology, one semester of Public Speaking and two electives (Philosophy and a second semester of Psychology, in my case). The above training didn't make me a historian or an economist, but it did give me a better start than the ninety-five per cent of Americans that don't go to college at all and, I sometimes suspect, a better basic understanding of the subjects than many Liberal Arts majors who assiduously searched for the snap courses through school. The second point that I must remind the Liberal Arts proponents is that in this age of science, a basic understanding of science is required for "the broad view," and Liberal Arts majors and businessmen are frequently lacking in this training.

The purpose of this letter, however, is not to convince the readers that science is the answer to all. It is rather to remind them that society is made up of men and that they are men first and scientists, businessmen, laborers or writers secondly. A society of scientists and technologists would be no worse and, unfortunately, no better than our present society. . . .

HOWARD S. CANNON.

REPLY

WE HAD thought that the general public had long ago become aware of the scientist, so much so that he has been stock-in-trade in slick novels and Hollywood films. And if his status in society has changed recently, it has been upward, not the reverse.

If we have an aversion to scientists, it is entirely unconscious. We find nothing odd or distressing about the number of businessmen in America, Jews in Israel, or, for that matter, Irish in Ireland or Frenchmen in France. The classification, however, hardly seems scientific, sociological or in any way helpful.

Nor do we question that the human needs and satisfactions of scientists are those of mankind at large. We do question that most scientists and technologists receive, even today, the broad humanistic education which is highly advisable if not actually necessary for the decisions which the general electorate and its leaders are called upon to make. We badly need scientists and technologists who can answer our scientific and technological problems. But we believe that the pressing political, ethical and moral problems of our time can best be answered by minds trained in appropriate disciplines. Those scientists who arrive at good solutions in these areas—and obviously there are such persons—do not do so because of their training in the physical sciences but for other reasons.

THE EDITORS.

"BUBER'S PURSUIT OF THE HOLY"

Newark, N. J.

TO THE EDITORS: Having just read with interest Father Murchland's article "Buber's Pursuit of the Holy," [Aug. 8] I thought your readers might like to know that the third volume of *The Bridge,* to be published in September, will in great part be devoted to themes that have engaged Buber. In addition several articles will closely analyze his ideas. *The Bridge* III will thus, we hope, be another Catholic evaluation of Buber's thought.

(MISS) RENATE M. HAYUM, SEC'Y,
Institute of Judaeo-Christian Studies,
Seton Hall University.

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Stephen Crane Before the Legend

MY STEPHEN CRANE. By Corwin K. Linson. Syracuse University. $3.50.

By JAMES GREENE

SPRAWLED on the divan in Corwin K. Linson's cozy New York studio in the wintry months of 1893, Linson tells us, Stephen Crane read through a collection of second-hand magazines. Among them were issues of the *Century* containing a series entitled "The Battles and Leaders of the Civil War," long, careful accounts of exactly the way events occurred. Crane's one observation on the series was: "I wonder that *some* of these fellows don't tell how they *felt* in some of these scraps." A year after the remark *The Red Badge of Courage* appeared in the columns of the syndicated press.

Famous as he now is, Crane's life remains essentially an enigma. R. W. Stallman has described the two separate mythical lines in the Crane legend: the one of a man "luckless, penniless, creative only when fever-ridden or drunk"—in effect, a later Poe; the other the "stricken boy, the genius who dies young—Chatterton, Keats, Schubert, Beardsley."

The people with whom he spent his time were not the types who kept diaries and journals. When he died at twenty-eight there were none who could place on paper the everyday person behind the five brief novels, fourscore sketches and three volumes of verse. Mr. Linson is no exception.

The Crane in Linson's book is a twenty-one-year-old with all his accomplishments before him. Linson was himself a young artist and illustrator of no renown, though one with at least a comfortable studio where Crane often visited to talk, or read or write.

Years later, when Crane's reputation was finally established, Linson, with the aid of random notes and newspaper clippings of the time, set down his recollections of the two years he knew and saw Crane. But his book is mainly hindsight—there is no reason to assume that Linson could not have "recollected" as much about his landlord as he does about the thin, nervous youth who later became famous.

And yet we owe Linson thanks for what he has remembered. Crane's dejection at being penniless, his refusal to write "to order" in the magazine styles of his day, his tendency to dress as a dandy when the means were at hand, his intuitive scorn of R. L. Stevenson, Twain, Hugo, and Dickens for the half-formed reason that he was to usher in a new literary tradition—all played out in a miasma of Gay Nineties New York—make the book a special experience.

Because he was no writer, Linson's book went to prospective publishers in a confused jumble of anecdote and observation, veined with some naive literary attitudes. It is now presented, after extremely heavy editing by Edwin H. Cady, by the Stephen Crane Collection at Syracuse Univerity. Some photographs of Crane and an exceptional portrait of the man by Linson are included in the volume.

In the two years they were together Crane and Linson traveled to the Scranton coal mines, Crane as a commissioned author, Linson his illustrator. They spent long hours together in the studio, took trips to Crane's native Sullivan County. Yet because they were completely different types there was little exchange between them about their individual crafts. Crane had no interest in painting, and Linson had no reason to inquire into his friend's views on fiction.

It is strange, then, that in this account Linson feels called upon to defend his friend against the critics of the period. He attributes all attacks—the book bristles with such phrases as "I aver" and "I assert"—to envy and spite. Even a newspaper's somewhat amusing parody of a Crane dispatch from the war in Greece—

"I did not see any war correspondents while

"I was watching the battle except

"I,"

—reveals to Linson "a nasty current of insinuation, for vulgar vanity was not a vice of Stephen's."

Because he has gone so far in his editing, one wonders that Mr. Cady did not go farther. As it now stands, Linson's book is of interest to, and indeed comprehensible only to, deep students of Crane. Some background material might have been added to make it appeal to a wider audience.

But it does present a glimpse of the man by another human being before the clouds of legend descended upon his head. It is likely to be all we ever have and for this reason, if no other, deserves a reading by those interested in an author who has been the watershed of symbolism and realism in American literature.

Adolescence in New York

THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT. By Nora Johnson. Little, Brown. $3.75.

By ALICE SAXON

IT IS EASIER to discuss the possible weakness of this book than its effectiveness, because the latter depends so entirely on the reader's inclination to feel a strong personal sympathy for the kind of dilemma that emerges. One either recognizes it and is moved by it or the book will seem too easy and obvious, and even a little silly, for serious adult attention. While it will be available to many as an amusing, mildly-satiric narrative that prances along without any difficulty, the major portion of it gives, nevertheless, an impression of being a juvenile novel, something that will necessarily discourage a certain portion of readers; but one can, if one reaches the end, feel a horror for a particular situation, drawn with too broad a

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stroke perhaps, but taking on a sudden conviction and sadness.

In *The World of Henry Orient* two eighth-grade girls meet at an exclusive New York private school and become friends. The narrator, Marian, is "different" in a quite normal kind of way; but her friend Valerie is, according to the author's strenuous statements to this effect, a young genius, talented, rebellious, dynamic and disturbed. Whereas Marian's growing pains have the protection of a permanent place of residence and a gentle, good-humored mother (although divorced, which in this milieu is the norm), Val's parents are a pair of amoral socialites who flit about the world while Val boards with a Swiss couple on Tenth street and attends private school from which she departs an hour early each day for a session with Dr. Braintree, analyst.

Marian and Val together conceive a vastly complicated crush on a seedy concert pianist named Henry Orient, a crush complete with secret codes, fetishes and scrapbooks; and this completely absorbing pastime spares them both the frightening necessity of mingling with and tackling the more conventional graces of their classmates.

A crisis emerges when Val's parents descend upon New York and uproot her from her Tenth street haven in order to set up temporary cocktail-mixing quarters in an upper Fifth Avenue apartment-hotel. Thereupon Val is unbearably pulled between two worlds: the warm, real world of the people who admire her for what she is—the Swiss couple on Tenth street who adore her and encourage her piano practice, Marian and her mother who share with her their offbeat but calm and genuine existence in a Third Avenue brownstone—and the world of Henry Orient which signifies Val's pursuit of art and excitement and something all-consuming. Hostile to all these are her obnoxious if rather pitiful parents with their desire to use her for their own purposes, to launch her, expensively dressed and sans Henry Orient, into society. And lurking in the background, the inevitable catalyst, is the mysterious Braintree, keeper of Val's psyche.

Two small but poignant sadnesses emerge, if one will allow them. One is Marian's, who pits herself fiercely and idealistically against what she can only see as pure evil, the threat to Val's soul, the immoral and philistine claim which astounds her innocence. The other sadness is Val's; under the pressure of certain unsavory confirmations of her mother's character (which make the plot a little slick) she has a near nervous breakdown and is taken into temporary custody by her analyst.

Marian ingenuously storms the barricade and faces Dr. Braintree with her claim, *her* version of what must be good for Val, only to crumple under the stunning coldness of psychiatric jargon which states that Val's only duty is to pursue her analysis and thereby *adjust*—not to Marian and her mother and the Swiss couple and the world of Henry Orient, but, in fact, to her own world, her own two parents and whatever they can provide for her. Marian then discovers that Val, too, has accepted

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this verdict; despising her parents and what they stand for, she clutches at them helplessly, because she is, after all, only thirteen, and, as Marian's mother points out, being thirteen she cannot "rush to Grand Central and catch the next train to Chicago." There is not much a thirteen-year-old can do except, again in the words of Marian's mother, "wait till you grow up before you can find your kind of people, the kind who appreciate you for what you are and who play violins to your piano. . . . It's a question of finding your niche, and until then, being patient." The book closes with the frightening suggestion, which Marian receives reluctantly, that the well-meaning if imperfect admiration and friendship that outsiders may offer a harassed young person like Val, is not enough or may even be "bad," and must, therefore retreat before the patronizing and impersonal prescriptions of psychiatry which does not claim to be a substitute for what Val is deprived of, but says, almost as gruesomely, don't help her across the street or she'll never learn to use her artificial leg.

It is the added burden of knowledgeability, the burden of knowing terms and definitions for one's neuroses and father-images and attention-seeking devices—a burden that a thirteen-year-old in another time or place would not have—that makes the pathos distinctly contemporary. And unless one feels it there is little to be said for the book as a challenging piece of adult literature. The bulk of it, rather, seems slight and "funny" and unpromising.

Nora Johnson's stories in the *New Yorker* are more commanding in their genre than is this, her first novel. The former deal with much the same subject—a young girl growing up in an urban or urbane environment, experiencing some vision or moment of truth through her relationship to a girl friend or a younger sister by a parent's subsequent remarriage; this is more effective in the sharp focus and, at the same time, casual brevity (that always seems to pretend to be less than it finally achieves) of the short story. Expanded into the size and taking on the inherent pretensions of the novel, such brief school-girl episodes tend to run thin and the casual, ingenuous style seems inadequate. And it even suffers technically from the need to introduce certain machinations that can be effectively omitted in the short story: the entire dénouement, for instance, is strenuous with "incident," and the explanation of Val's past—her mother doesn't love her because she became pregnant only to make Val's father marry her and then she almost lost her life in childbirth, this recounted solemnly—is a pretty hackneyed piece of invention. Perhaps, in all fairness to Miss Johnson, life is frequently just that hackneyed; and perhaps the giddy, preposterous chain of events in *The World of Henry Orient* conveys, more effectively than I suspect, its sadness.

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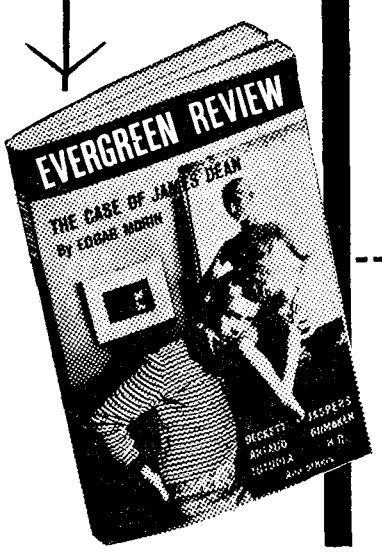

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A Mild Romp

THE NAKED VILLANY. By Jocelyn Davey. Knopf. $3.50.

By ELIZABETH BARTELME

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Version—for thereby hangs the tale. Tag-ends of the Old Testament float in and out of Ambrose's mind, and little by little he ties them all together to complete a contemporary parallel of a Biblical situation.

Now if this sounds improbable—and it does—it is no more improbable than the other elements that make up Mr. Davey's stew. Educated monkeys and eccentric British noblewomen introduce a farcical note; a beautiful, mysterious Hungarian blonde complicates the situation; and Ambrose's life, several sets of twins and a play on names confuse the spoor. And, since the time is 1937, there is a flavor of espionage, of international plots and of great power struggles behind the scenes.

Not that any of this is meant to be taken seriously. Ambrose searches out his leads in libraries and bookstores, relaxes on trains with musical manuscripts, analyzes the characters of the Treverick millionaires and their assorted relatives, and just "lets things happen to him." It is a foregone conclusion, of course, that he will puzzle it all out, and while the suspense never reaches a high pitch, the assorted nonsense and conversational gymnastics keep things rolling along while Mr. Davey pulls everything together with considerable dexterity.

Unconventional as detective stories go, this one is exactly what its subtitle indicates, "an entertainment." And judging from Ambrose's inconclusive romance and the fact that he has appeared in an earlier title, his creator has a future planned for him in which he will be around to entertain again. His appearance, one may be sure, will be inconsequential but amusing.

REVIEWERS

James Greene, a frequent contributor, is on the staff of *Business International*.

Alice Saxon has previously contributed both fiction and reviews to The Commonweal.

Elizabeth Bartelme is on the staff of a well-known New York publishing house.

"The French Orwell."
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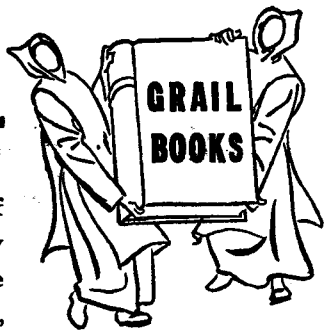

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